1d.

An Account of the Proceedings of the

New Parliament OF WOMEN.

Sitting at *Gossips-hall*, near *Knock-Vergies*

Whereunto is annexed the languishing Maidens Petition against the Widows, who have been blessed with the enjoyment of three or four several Husbands.

Here is also a severe course against those Widdowers that shall attempt to marry, knowing their own inability, as not being able to satisfy the longing expectations of their espoused Bride.

LIKEWISE

A severe punishment to be inflicted upon Batchellors that promise more than they can do, with many other excellent laws made by this Parliament of Women: Worthy of your taking notice; And cheap enough considering the goodness.

These Females they consider'd well
The want of wholesome flesh:
And cause no maidens should repine
These Laws they made afresh:
Which I do hope will give content
To all that read the same;

Who speaks against this Parliament
I think are much to blame.
This thing for mirth I did intend,
Then do not blame my pen,
Who seems to be the womens friend
But wish no hurt to men.

Printed for *J. Conyers* at the black Raven in Duck Lane. 14 June. 1683.

An Account, or true List of the names of the Members of both Houses, Viz.

All of the Upper-house.	Of the Lower-House.
Sarah Snapshort.	Tibitha Trumpwel.
Rebecca Ragmanners.	Lydy Long-tongue.
Luce Lockwit.	Alice Allcock.
Elinor Empty-haine.	Jane Jumbler.
Margaret Pake-bate.	Joyce Joynwell.
Dorithy Minkwell.	Mary Pake-horn.
Frances Fiddle-faddle.	Katherine Rap-noise.
Jone Jezebel.	Ann Ape-like.
Silan Shakterbain.	Penelope Plague-man.
Priscilla Pickthanks.	Abigail All-whore.
Rose Rakewell.	Christian Clofemouth.
	Rachell Rouzeall.

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An

An Account of the Proceedings of the

New Parliament of WOMEN, &c.

THE Session of the Parliament of Women being ordered to meet on the 32 day of January about ten days before Michaelmas in the year 7902. They accordingly assembled, and being met in a full house, there was a petition exhibited by the distressed Maids of the Nation, greatly complaining of their unspeakable want, and also exclaiming against several Widows, who, against reason, had been over-occupyed by several Husbands, while, on the contrary, these poor Maidens were ready to starve for a bitt of Man's-Flesh: The Contents of the petition take as followeth:

May it please your Ladyships,

WEE, your most humble and distressed petitioners, whose names are hereunder subscribed, having for many years together laboured under the burthen of our tormenting maidenheads, have, with a great deal of impatience, expected some manner of redress, hoping that in some reasonable time our wants might be supply'd by some charitable thumping fellows, whose youthfull activity, and wanton inclinations, might have put a period to our miseries, and have made us happy by the enjoyment of that, which alone can make our Lives comfortable; But finding to our unexpressable discontent, that our hopes are utterly frustrated by the increase of our years, which begin to make us contemptible in the sight of those from whom we once expected to receive satisfaction. Wee your poor distressed petitioners, thought it not only expedient, but absolutely necessary, to addresse our selves to your Lady-ships, whose large experience, and long-accustomed practise in that which we so much stand in need of, cannot but make you sensible that our miseries are not only admira-

ble, but altogether insupportable: And the more especially when we reflect upon their happinesses, whose kind fate hath made them happy, by the Quotidian and Nocturnall Enjoyments; the wants of which, do render us of all creatures the most unfortunate. Oh! be pleased to call to mind, that when you were in your Youth and prime before you tasted of that bliss, which hath long since crowned you with joy, how despiseable were your lives to your own selves, how unwelcome were the days to your eyes, when the nights afforded not so much as a taste of those pleasures that we poor Creatures could never yet be acquainted with. Thus hoping that you will diligently peruse the sad contents of our mournful petition, which if you rightly consider, and speedily find out some redress for, together with taking a reall inspection into the vast difference between us un-done maidens, and over-done Widows, we shall not in any measure doubt, but to receive full satisfaction from your Ladyship's cares and prudence, that may in some measure add some manner of comforts to our despairing Spirits, and free us from the fear of our (otherwise) approaching death. We humbly beseech your favours to pass a charitable censure upon this our enforced boldness, and let our present and lamentable state be freely, and thoroughly discussed and debated in your great Synod of unbyassed ingennity.

And your petitioners shall ever pray, &c.

Lettice Lachman,
Margery Mournlo't,
Phillis Pick-sick,
Diana Doe-well, &c.

The petition being read, the matter was debated, Lettice Lachman pleaded in the behalf of the rest; that things were illegally carryed, and they had not equity done them: For, said she, when I began to grow toward Thirteen years old, I then was possessed with a strange kind of Malady, which filled me with such a longing desire, that my thoughts I could have even begged a kiss of every man I saw pass the street; Nay, I was also perplexed in my very dreams, that when I awaked I was almost stark mad; for I found my self tumbled into the Abyss of misery, when in my dreams I supposed my self to be at the very heigth of bliss. Then, said Rose Rotwell, How long did you languish in this Labyrinth of trouble, without finding any ease or help? Truly, quoth she, even to this day, but it was sore against my will, for such was my ill fortune, that I was never so

much

much as once moved to part with my maidenhead; for I'le assure you if I had, I would have accepted of the motion willingly, as many I believe have done before me; nay, I believe there is but a few that would deny it. Hold, hold, have a care what you say, you will reflect upon the House by and by, such comparisons are not seemly in this place, or at this time; but I must needs confess, that I could hardly have undergone so great trouble and vexation as you have done; for I was but a matter of sixteen years old e're I was acquainted with Bridall enjoyments, and I am confident, had I not been marryed as I was, I could not have lived one year more without a Tickler.

Why then, I hope your Goodness will take into consideration our conditions; we are all of the same stamp and mould, we are as uncapable of living without the enjoyment of our delights, as ever you could be; our minutes seem to be houres, while we thus languish in perplexity: we are not able to eat, drink, or rest, wanting the supplys which our Natures look for; and to be short, we neither can nor will live long in this disquietude. Why, what would you have us do? said **Lucy Lackwitt**, Why make an Act that we should all have Husbands, and that speedily too, for we have lost too much time idly, and have not been exercised as marryed women are often, the more is our grief to think on't; but if you cannot with conveniency effect what is proposed, do as they do in Venice, set up, and tollerate some publique places, where Love sick maids may find ease, by the association of merry boys, who only can administer comfort to them in their distress. It hath partly been acknowledged by one Member of this House, that we have had hard fortune, and, indeed, so it is: For who can indure to see some old withered faces handed along by brisk young gallants? who tender them for nothing but their money, having not so much as one grain of beauty left; look but upon them, view them well when they are in their best Array, all powdered, and patched, and you will find them, if your aspect be curious, to resemble nothing more than death's Head enamel'd. And what a plague is this to young Creatures to see and behold: Is any flesh alive able to endure it? Can this misery be undergone with patience? 'tis a torment to consider what pleasures other people enjoy in their beds, while we poor Creatures lye melting away in Tears, or wasting with sighs, and have nothing at all to do, but that which indeed we cannot do, I mean sleep, which now grows almost a stranger to us. Well, said my Lady **Lackwitt**, we will see what may be

done

done in this busines: Nay, quoth Lettice Lackman, it is not what may be done, but what must be done; And pray mind that we that have lost the prime of our years without tasting the bliss, may be considered in some extraordinary manner, either by being allowed Two Husbands, or, at least, a Husband and a Friend, that we may regain our lost time; for I am sure we can deal well enough with them: It is not with us as it is with men, that when they come to some considereble age, they grow feeble, and cannot please; But we of our Sex can take it both briskly and freely when we are well striken in years, especially when we have lived so long without it. Come come (saith Margaret Maketbate) you are somewhat too greedy, let's hear what another saith, you must not be only discoursed. Then up starts Alice Alcock, who justified, That what was before discoursed was nothing but reason, and she hoped it was to pass thorough the Judicious Assembly: And as for my part my Name is a trouble to me, for there is a vast difference between Al-cock and no Cock; and I am sure there never was one inch fell to my share yet, though I would give one of my eyes for a good one. Well (sayes Margaret Make-bait) 'tis pitty that thou shouldst not have one; that loves so dearly as to part with one of your eyes for one. Oh! quoth Alice, that's nothing in comparison: How many have gone distracted for want of a Rowzer; and in their distraction hanged themselves: Come let me tell you, 'tis a sad thing to want it, and indeed there is no living without it, yea; I believe there hath never been such a complaint before as will be now made if you enquire strictly into the matter; for, if you examine us all, you will find us all in one tale; or if any do differ, 'twil be but more to set forth our misery: Therefore we desire your commiseration, and hope to receive finall satisfaction from you by a speedy result.

Whereupon they were commanded to acquit the House, till such time as they were again called. Then Prudens Patrell opened the matter very exquisitively, in the behalf of the petitioners, alleadging that their condition was very deplarable; For, said she, how great a difficulty is it to live without a man, when we in our own consciences know that we cannot be contented with one, we that are married, but we must now and then violate the bonds of Matrimony by wronging the Bridall bed: And if it be so, that we that have been long accustomed to the pleasures of love, cannot possibly be limitted within the bounds of chastity, how is it possible that they who never injoy'd that hap-

happineſs, can reſt ſatisfy'd : Let us ingeniouſly conſider with our ſelves, and paſs ſome Act of Oblivion for what tranſgreſſions have already been ; and alſo an additional Act for more liberty, for 'tis my opinion that ſome are born under ſome ill aſpect, that they may never be marryed ; and is it reaſon they ſhould never taſte in their whole life time the ſweets that others wallow in ? No, no, as we are all of one Sex, let us give liberty to thoſe who are not marryed, to uſe what opportunities they can meet with to their beſt advantage, for otherwiſe, we ſhall create much trouble to our ſelves ; and without queſtion they will ſteale what our too modeſt Laws ſhall forbid. Therefore let us do as we would be done by, for we ſhould not like to have an Embargo laid upon our commodities. Then ſpoke **Roſe Ratzwell**, you have ſpoke reaſon, for I have a Husband, ſuch a one as it is, that ſeldome doth any more to me than make a Fool of that which will not be ſo ſerved, and to tell you the truth, I am fain to borrow of my Neighbours, what I cannot be ſupply'd withal at home ; which, if my husband were like other men, I ſhould not need to do. Then ſaid **Joyce Joynwell**, Huſh, huſh, talk no more of that, for I have a Husband young and brisk enough, but yet mythinks ſometimes variety is ſo ſweet, that I now and then muſt taſte of changeable dyet, and then if it be ſo with us that have of our own, what muſt them poor Creatures do that have not ? Oh ! methinks I can remember, when it was my ſad caſe, how I lingred, how I longed, and in what a diſmall caſe I reckoned my ſelf to be in ; Come, 'tis good to be charitable, let us commiſerate theſe poor Creatures, we are perfectly ſenſible of their neceſſities. Theſe manner of debates held for ſome conſiderable time, but moſt of them being ſenſible of the truth of what was ſpoken, did Vote for Liberty for maidens that could get no Husbands, and that they might accept of what kindneſſes were offered to them. But as for Widows that had lived above Twenty years in Matrimony, and had ſurpaſſed the date of Fifty, they ſhould not be allow'd above one Husband, if he be young ; or if he be older than her ſelf, two friends, becauſe one may be ſometimes ill, and not in a condition to pleaſure her, or ſometimes one may be out of Town, and cannot viſit ; and for theſe reaſons we are willing to allow of a proviſion in neceſſity, for I ſuppoſe ſome of us Members are troubled with old fumbling fellows, that have almoſt forgot how to do the trick, they do ſo ſeldome uſe it. And in what a caſe ſhould we be in then, if we had not a friend in a corner : Come ſirs Members as we are, are Repreſentatives of the whole ſex,

and

and we ought in point of reason, and conscience, so to establish our Laws, as that they may be for the satisfaction of all. Just as they had determined this matter, in comes Christian Closemouth to make complaint, who exhibited her Bill; the contents whereof take as followeth:

Imp imis, That she had been marryed to her Husband Ten weeks, and she found that he had not got her with Child, neither did she believe he could, for he was so short breath'd, that he was ready to give over before she came to the heighth of the sport, and so dry withal, that one might as easily get a tear from a hot Iron, as one drop of liquidity from his dryed body. But the matter seeming somewhat intricate, and they having sate till their Tongues were weary, the Court adjourned till the next week following, where we will leave them, and pitty poor Christian Closemouth, waiting with a great deale of impatience for the next sitting; of which I shall give you timely notice.

The day being come, both Houses assembled, and did further proceed about the business afore-mentioned: so after a strong debate, it was agreed upon by a generall consent, that what was petitioned for was nothing but reason in any Womans conscience. Which Laws you shall here have inserted as they were agreed upon in course.

Imprimis. That for the prevention of stealing opportunities of kindness, that Maids, after the terme of Seventeen years of age, shall, and may freely accept of what tender-hearted youngmen do freely offer.

Item. That there shall be no Embargo upon womens commodities.

Item. That those that have old feeble husbands, may entertain a lusty young gallant.

Item. That Batchellors shall be very kind to maids, and women, under the forfeiture of being gelded.

Item. That Widows above Forty shall be contented with one husband, and one Friend.

Item. That Widowers shall not presume to marry, except they they know themselves capable of doing family duty, under the penalty of being tormented.

Item. That men shall not be jealous, though they see their wives in bed with other men.

Item. That if a youngman of 21 shall be in bed with a girls of 19 and shall not do the trick, shall forfeit his Codlins.

Thus as this Parliament broke up
That these good laws had made,
The women they were well content
These laws were good they said.

FINIS.

THE

She Wedding:

OR A

Mad-Marriage,

BETWEEN

Mary a Seamans Mistress,

AND

Margaret a Carpenters Wife

AT

DEPTFORD.

Being the full Relation of a Cunning Intreague, carried on and manag'd by two Women, to hide the Discovery of a great Belly, and make the Parents of her Sweet-heart provide for the same; for which Fact the said Parties were both Committed; and one of them now remains in the Round House at *Greenwich*, the other being Bailed out.

2. Aug. 1684.

IT hath been the Policy of the *Prince* of *Darkness* in all Ages, when any work of his was to be carried on, which required a more than ordinary Cunning, to Imploy a Female Craft therein: Nor indeed from his first Attempt in that kind, in the betraying our Mother *Eve*, did he ever find Reason to blame his Discretion in the said Method, since he scarce ever failed thereby of his Ends. 'Twas by a *Dalilah* he betrayed the *Strongest*, by

by *strange Women* the *Wisest*; by an *Adultress* the *Best of* Men in *Scripture Chronology*. Whence it is no Wonder if still he courts them; and every Day he shews us what Advantage he can make to himself of that Subtile Sex. A remarkable Instance whereof I shall here present you with.

At *Deptford* in the County of *Kent*, at the sign of the *Kings Head*; for sometime past, as a Maid-Servant in the House there hath lived one *Mary*, who hath pretended her self in her Conversation, Reserved and Honest enough for one of her Age, being 30 or thereabouts, till about 7 or 8 Months past she used ordinarily to keep Company with one *Charles Parsons*, a Young Man lately gone to Sea, with whom she was observed to be somwhat Familiar; insomuch that the Neighbours looked upon her as either Married to him, or at least as free of her Favours as if she had: and in a little time her squeamish Stomach gave her Mistris cause to regard her more Narrowly, and began to suspect that her Sweet-heart had given her a Belly full of Love, as afterwards it proved but too true; for that about the beginning of this last Month of *July*, the same appeared so evident that none but observed it, and charged her therewith, much about the time that *Charles Parsons* left her, to pursue a Voyage to the *Indies*: upon which, being no longer able to hide the same, she freely confessed that *Hans in Kelder* was then six Months Old, and that *Charles Parsons* was the Father thereof, applying her self accordingly to his Mother, and acquainting her that they were Married, desiring her to assist her towards her lying Down.

The Mother suspecting the matter, began a little to Demur thereupon, and inquire into the Time and Place when and where the same was Consummated; to which

Questions

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Queſtions our ſaid *Mary* returned a Satisfaction; but yet the old Woman ſtill doubting thereof, urged that ſhe might produce her *Certificate*; and that if ſhe found the ſame true, ſhe would Provide for her, and what ſhe went with; which if ſhe could not procure, ſhe was reſolved never to look on her.

This Anſwer put ſo cloſe to *Mary*, began to make her look about her ſelf, and ſet her Wits upon the Rack how ſhe ſhould deceive the Mother, which at length ſhe compaſſed. Wit being then certainly readieſt, when Neceſſity is the Strongeſt; but thinking as the old Woman when ſhe carried her Dog a Goſſoping, that two Heads were better than one, ſhe was reſolved to adviſe with a Neighbour of hers that was her Friend, and by name *Margaret* the Wife of a Carpenter living thereby, how ſhe ſhould accompliſh her intent, which after ſome time, remembring a Story that had been told in the Neighbourhood, how that two Men that had a Deſign on a *Parſons* Wife, agreed to dreſs the Youngeſt in Womens Cloaths, and accordingly to Marry each other, : thereby deſigning by a liberal Reward to the *Parſon*, to get an admiſſion for the firſt Night into his Houſe to play the Love Scuffle for the pretended Wifes Maiden-head: by which Opportunity whilſt the *Parſon* was at his Morning Studies, the party who repreſented the Wife, and was enamoured of the good Mans Bed-fellow, changed Beds and left her nominal Huſband, to enjoy the real Wife; which the *Parſon* not at all ſuſpecting, readily aſſented to, and Ignorantly brought *Cuckoldom* upon himſelf. Remembring I ſay this Story, they conſented with themſelves that two Women might as well commit *Matrimony* as two Men, and in a different Garbe deceive the Eyes of any who ſhould be the Spectators thereof.

Which design being thus agreed on the Carpenters Wife gets a Suit of her Husbands Cloaths in which she arrays her self, and sets to work (without her Cheif-Tool) to act the Mans part, practising her Congees and dialect to be perfect therein, against the day she designed to act the same; which soon after came about, and having all things ready away they trudged for St. *George*'s Church in *Southwark*, the Carpenters Wife taking upon her, the name of *Charles Parsons*, and representing him: They gave notice of their intentions to the Clark of the Parish, that they desired to be Joyned in Matrimony, which the Minister and Clark at first not at all suspecting them, readily consented unto, but in the time of Administring the Ceremony they begun a little to hesitate at what they were a doing; imagineing by the softness of her Tone, which she could not so well Counterfeit, that she was not, what she represented: and the rather when she was to answer to those words, I *Charles* take thee *Mary*, &c. she mistook the words and cryed I *Margaret* but thus she excused, it that she had been at the Marriage of a Sister of hers who was then in her thoughts, and which, occasioned the mistake confidently averring herself a Man, and being of a large make and an Impudent Carriage, carried on and Compleated the deceit. After which the Ceremony being ended and the Certificate a makeing, she drew the Clark aside; telling him that true it was, Dabling with his said Wife before Marriage, he had got her with Child, and that she was very forward, being near six Months gone of her time, and fearing that his Wifes Relations, and his own, might take notice of the Date of the Certificate to his disadvantage, desired that the same might be Antedated, promissing the Clark to reward him for so doing: which, after many importunities he at last consented to; and accordingly Dated the same, about six Months before.

Having

Having obtained which Certificate, away they return for *Deptford*, and thought themſelves now ſecure of their Booty: So that the ſame day they repaired to the Mother of *Parſons* aforeſaid, and produced what ſhe deſired, the Certificate before mentioned; which the old Woman took into her own hands, beginning to think her ſelf happy in her Daughter in-law, and that in ſhort time ſhe ſhould be Bleſt with a Grand-Child, rummaging her old Cheſts for Linnen to provide for Clouts and other neceſſaries for the production of her great Belly: nor was *Mary* her Daughter leſs glad at the ſucceſs of her enterpriſe, it being what ſhe thought would take of the reproach that was likely to ſucceed upon her, for the Unlawfulneſs of her former Frollicks; and likewiſe as to the eſtabliſhment of her future Fortunes. But this Sun-ſhine was not long before the ſame begun to be over-ſhadowed by the Clouds, that ſoon after diſcovered themſelves, in relation to her preſent Circumſtances.

For ſo it is, that moſt of the ſex, tho excellently well accompliſh't in the contriving a deceitful Intreague, yet is their humour ſuch, that when once they ſee the ſame to take its firſt promiſes of perfection, they are apt to brag of its Effects, before the meanes are thoroughly Settled, that lead to the ends thereof; and then moſt eſpecially when the good Wives are together toping their Noſes over the *Brandy-Bottel*, or *Hot-Suppings* at a *Marry-Meeting* amongſt themſelves. And by ſuch methods came this Intreague to a diſcovery; For ſeveral of the Neighbours being together and talking of the change of *Maries* condition, *Mary* and *Margaret* could not chuſe but ſmile thereat, and lovingly called each other by the name of Huſband and Wife, ſaying that they knew a Couple that had been ſix Weeks Wedded, and both as likely as any two in *England*, and yet neither of them had one *Foot*, ſince they

they were Married.—One *Bout* replies an old Woman, thats much; I would cut off the *Tool* of that Husband that should have a Wife for two whole Dayes and Nights, and never put it to the Exercise that God made it for,—some Rogue I warrant him replyes another to Tantalize a Wife after that rate,----did I know the dull Dog pursues a third I'de set him up for all our Neighbours in *Deptford* and *Greenwich*, to make a publick Pissing post of:----Intollerable sayes a Fourth, a whole Month and a half to put a poor Wife upon Longing, he deserves to be Carbonadoed; and were the good Woman of my mind, if I Paun'd my Petticoat that covered me, I'de have some honest Fellow to relieve me in what I most wanted, and make him do it before the Rogues Face, that he might see and be satisfied he was what he deserved to be, the most notorious *Cuckold* in *Deptford*: ---and there are sayes another as many good Crests to my knowledge in this Town, as any place of its bigth between this and *Gravesend*.

The Discourse between them being much to this purpose: the parties Concerned fell out into a great Laughter to see their Neighbours in such a feud, and told them it was a truth: and scarce one in that Company but knew the Parties, and that they had conversed with them that Day, which set them all upon the Tenters, to know the Person, every one guessing at his Neighbour, and Examining who it should be:---well sayes *Margaret*, as for that in a few Dayes you shall be made acquainted therewith, but for the present left them to consider thereof, till being further Urged: she added, why may not two Women be Married together in *Deptford*, as well as *Susan* and *Sarah* at *Fishstreet-Hill*.

Upon this some of the company began to suspect the matter, and told Mrs. *Parsons*, of the discourse above-

said

ſaid: poſſeſſing her ſo far therewith, that ſhe reſolved to go and inquire at the Church where the Certificate had mentioned her Son, and ſuppoſed Daughter in-Law to have been Married, upon Inquiry whereunto, the Church-Book was Searched and at the day mentioned therein, no ſuch Perſons were found to have been Recorded; which further increaſed her Suſpicion, ſo that ſhe entring upon the Diſcription of the Parties and acquainting the Clark with her ſuppoſition put him in remembrance of the late Couple he had joyned, and turneing to that time found the ſame out: Adding withall that ever ſence the ſaid Marriage he had been highly ſuſpicious of, and concerned within himſelf at the Cheat. The matter then appearing very plain, home goes the old Woman and diſcards her ſuppoſed Daughter from her Favour; alledging the falſity of her pretence, and declaring to all the Neighbourhood how baſe a Trick had been put upon her.

Inſomuch that it became the publick Diſcourſe of the whole Town, and none but were talking of the *Seamans* Miſtriſs that had Married *Margaret* the *Carpenters* Wife, every one beſtowing one Twit or other upon her for the ſame, the Young-Maids Laughing at the flat Sport they had the firſt Night; the graver Matrons at the Impudence of the Parties that ſhould ſo Villifie and diſgrace the honeſt State of *Matrimony*; looking upon it as a Scandal to their Sex in General. Upon all which the *Parſon* that Married them made a Complaint thereof to the Civil Magiſtrate, who Committed them both to the Round-Houſe in *Greenwich*, and bound them over to anſwer the ſame at the next *Aſſizes*, where *Margaret* hath been ſince Bayled out, and *Mary* yet continues there.

LONDON, Printed by *Geo. Croom*, at the Sign of the *Blue-Ball* in *Thames-ſtreet*, overagainſt *Baynard's Caſtle*. 1683.

THE Maidens Plea:

Or, Her

DEFENCE, and VINDICATION

Of her Self,

Againſt all *Objections*; Notwithſtanding, Mr. *Harris*'s Dying in Bed with her, *July* the *26th.* 1684.

SHEWING,

That ſhe ought not at all to be *Condemned*, but rather to be *much Commended* for her *Prudent Carriage*, and *Kindneſs* to that *Gentleman.*

TOGETHER,

With a word or two to the *Wiſe* in behalf of the *Siſterhood* in *General. All* in Order to a *Thorough Reformation*, and ſetting the *Saddle* upon the *Right Horſe.*

And Written by a Perſon of *Qualities.*

LONDON,
Printed by *G. Croom*, for the Author. 1684.

5ᵗʰ Sept.

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THE
Maidens Plea.

Moſt Worthy, &c.

I Am brought here before you, under the *Accuſation* of being a moſt *wicked* and *heinous Malefactor* ? *Impudence*, *Whoredom*, and *Murder*, were the *Crimes* that thoſe **Gotham** *Witneſſes*, out of their great love to *Vertue*, and *Juſtice*, *right* or *wrong*, think it *their buſineſs*, and are not a little *proud* of the *Office* to lay upon me. I ſhould be much out of *Countenance*, were my *Guilt* equal to their *Folly*. For, firſt as to *Murder*; What can with any *ſhew of reaſon* be objected againſt me? Am I to *anſwer* for it, if a Man *Dyes* in my *Company*? It is not *our Parts* Gentlemen to *keep* men from *Death* and make them *Immortal*; that is *in their Perſons*, our buſineſs indeed is to make them ſo *another way*, that is, in their *Poſterity*; and pray when have I fail'd of *that* as often as it lay in *my way*, or, I had *any opportunity*? Beſides, what ſhould I have *got* by *diſpatching* him? What do I come into *Poſſeſſion* of, What has he *left me*? I have indeed ſome *Letters* where he gives me his *Heart*, but as to *Lands* and *Tenements*, *Eſtate Real*, or *Perſonal*, there's *not a Syllable*. But the very *Circumſtances* that accompanyed, and were indeed the *true cauſe* of this *Tragedy* do ſufficiently *acquit* me. Conſider, I pray, he had been drinking *before* he came to me:

I was no *Doctor* of *Physick*, nor had any *Cordial*, or *Antidote* by me, powerful enough to *cure* a man of a *Pottle* of *Brandy*: besides, you can't but remember how violent *hot weather* it then was. Heaven *burnt* the *Brandy* within him: It was the *Dog-days*; and if the *Dog* then *reigned* was that the *Bitches*, fault? I was willing I confeſs to ſtay and *accompany* him, *That he might drink no more*; for I know *you Men* when you are a little *warm*, if no *diſcreet body* be with you, to *perſwade* and keep you *from it*, you think you *never* have *enough*; and then what *miſchief* are you not expoſed both to *do* and *ſuffer*? You *Quarrel* and *Fight* one with another; ſomebody's *Head's broke*, or goes *formoſt* down Stairs: then the Windows in the Street goe to wrack for not being *Wine-glaſſes*; and the *Watch* muſt be *Hectored* for kindly offering to lead you when you can nether *goe* nor *ſtand*. The *noiſe* and *Tumult* increaſes; the Multitude flock about to *Gape* at the Buſtle togeather: Then muſt the *Poſſe Comitations* come *hurrying* to ſee whether it ware a Plot, or *Pot* at Midnight that cauſed this *Uproare*: beſides, how many ſuites and *Actions* are daily brought before you by the *Vintner*, by the *Conſtable*, the *Shop keeper*, nay, by the common *Injur'd Paſſenger* in the ſtreetes by reaſon of theſe *Extravagancys*. I kept cloſe to him to *prevent* all this. I ſav'd, our *Gardian Angells* of *Horſe* from *Hunting* in the *Dark* to find their *Bridles*, and *Girts*; and thoſe of the *long Pole* and *Halbard* from being call'd away to *Aid* and *Aſſiſt* before their *Drink* was out: I *eaſ'd your ſelves* from *Hearing*, And being preſſed with ſo many Brangles, nay ſaved the poor *Deceaſed* tho not from the hard *Fate* he met with in *Bed*: yet from that which he had elſe *met* with of having *no Bed* at all. And what could his *own Wife* have done more had ſhe been *preſent*? She no doubt is ſenſible *how much* ſhe is *beholding* to me; and I ſhall have her *Thanks* as well as I had her *Place*; for, I was neither *Coy* nor *Careleſs*; and the *worſt* that *Malice* it ſelf can ſay of me, is but that I perform'd *her part* to him in *every thing*. And now for this, by a company of *Sniveling*, and *Officious* **Smell-Smocks** I am *Indicted*, and brought my ſelf to be the **Sacrifice**.

As to the other part of my Accuſation, which intimates that I was his *Whore*; my Accuſers take little notice, and their Hearts are *too narrow* to conceive what might be: and were, my

Generous

Generous Intentions: but in Bed with the Gentleman I was; and the *Bed* also, I percieve, *makes Oath* against me. I confess, when a *Bed Speakes* there's no Denying; an able *Modern Civilian* has determined the Question, 'Tis *Legal Evidence*. Why truly Gentlemen, the *Bed*, if it would speak *its Conscience*, well knows that I lay there as Chaste as any *Vestal Virgin*: & for the Gentleman, from the very Moment that I with much ado *toss'd* him into it, he lay as *Dead* as any *Log*; you could not have known him from one of the *Bed-Posts*, but that *he lay* in the *Middle*. How could it otherwise be? I know your Worthinesses know what belongs to *Drinking*. Can any of this *good Company* brag of Complementing their Wives, when they come Home in my departed Friends *Condition*? 'Tis spoken as a Jeer to me sure, not as an *Accusation*, that I had *so decrepit* and sorry a *Bed-fellow*. Upon my Reputation, 8 *s.* and 6 *d.* he had in his Belly, in *Aquæ Mirabilis*, and *Cherry-Brandy*, that he had drank by himself *all alone*, before ever he set Foot within my Threshold. But you will say, Why did I then at all *admit* him *in*? Alas! it was *extream late*; I saw that *Wine*, and *Oriental*, or *hot Weather* had much *prevailed* upon him. Would you have had me let him go away at *that Time*, and *Pickle*, to be *Robb'd* or *Knock'd* on the *Head*? no truly; I rather thought it was any *Honest Womans Duty* to perswade him to *Stay*; nay, and I was fain to make use of my *Wits* too *to do it*: for, what *Arguments* were to be used to a *Drunken Man*? Should I have told him it was *Late* and *Dangerous*, he would have scorned I should so far have *questioned* his *Courage*, and then nothing would have *held him*. So I was fain to *Study*, not what was most *Reasonable* and *Modest*, but what was likeliest to *Take* and *Prevail* with *his Humour* under those *Circumstances*. So with (I must needs say) *some Blushes*, I told him, if he would *stay* he should lye in *my Bed*, and I would be his *Bed fellow*. Did you ever observe when a *Porridge-pot* Boyls over upon too quick a Fire, if the Maid makes hast to pour in a little cold Water, how *soon* it is *Glmed*; just so was he. In short, I pull'd off his *Cloaths*. I Gave him a **Cup**, and to *Bed* I got him. Now I Appeal to your selves, whether I did not act like a **Parliament**, more than like a **Bawdy-House**, in endeavouring so far to provide for the *Good* and *Welfare* of the *meanest Subject*? And whether this

this **Harangue** of mine, savoured of being *Impudent*, and were not rather meer **Rhetorique** and **Eloquence**?

But you will say, what need I have gone *into* the *Bed* to him still? Gentlemen, if you did not live in so *Civiliz'd* a *Country* as *ours*, or had never heard of acts of *Humanity*, and *Goodness*, I should not at all Wonder at your *Question*. Dont you apprehend that this poor Gentleman not being *himself*, was first **no Man**, Secondly, Alas! he was not able to *Speak*, nor *Stand*, nor *Look*; his Colour was *quite gone*, his Hands *Trembled*, two or three Vomitings, little or nothing *Eased him*; he had not *Strength* to bring up more; his Fore-head was all under a *cold Sweat*. This was a fine time indeed for a Woman to desire his company for a *Bed-fellow*: I became therefore so Kind to him, out of **Mortification**, not out of **Wantonness**. I *fore-Considered* what might befall him in the Night, if he grew *Colder* and *Colder*, and were *alone*; I had often seen the *sad Experience*. I made my *Prognostick*, I judg'd *Warmth* and *Company*, could only relieve him: so I put off **Preciseness** with my **Petticoat**, and went to *Bed* to him, as his **Nurs-keeper**, not as his **Wench**. Had he indeed been amongst *Light Women*, they would have cried *Hang him*, let him goe, has he any *Money* in his Poket? But I preferr'd *Charity*, and the saving of *his Life*, before even the hazard of my own *Reputation*; and *nobly* I think *way'd*, regarding the *Gloss* and *Letter* of the **Law**, that I might fulfill the *Intent* and *Morality* of it; which is not the preserving our *Fames*, from the Tongues of *Hypocrits*, and **Tittle tattle**, but of the *Lives* and *Well-being* of your **Illustrious Comrades**, *Man-kind*. And who does not rather *Envy* him than *Blame* me, for my so *Pious Condescension*? And would not some of you be *Sick* your selves on *purpose*, if you were but sure you should be so well *Tended*?

Your Worthinesses I hope are satisfied, that I was neithe any way accessary to his *Death*, nor could be so *Dull* as p hope to be *unchast*, with such a *Carkass*. It remains now, ony to shew your owngreat *Judgment* and *Uprightness*, upon unde-standing this most true *Narrative* and Representation of the *Matter*. Neither am I concerned only for *my self*, but having so reasonable an *Opportunity*, I crave leave to say a Word or wo in behalf of such other **Damsels**, as are, or may be my *Fel-*

low

low Sufferers, for the like Kindneſs: There are many **Pretty Women**, (who are ſome Relations to me at a *Diſtance*) that are *Mornings* ſent to the *Round-Houſe*, *New-Priſon*, *Bridewell*, and ſuch *horrid* Places, for only doing over Night *as if* they were *Married* with ſome of your Worthineſſes *own Sex*. Truly I am much afflicted at it: If *Marriage* be *Honourable*, pray why not the **Imitation** of it ſo too? The *Threatre*, where you Daily flock in throngs, afford no *real Princeſſes* nor *Heroes*, yet are the *Players*, (who are neither *better* nor *worſe* then our ſelves) *admired* and *extoll'd* by you, for *acting* ſo like them. Now **we play Marriage**; that's all: why then are *we alone* Diſcountenanced? But ſuppoſe it be a *Fault*, ought not then *both Parties* alike to *Suffer*? elſe 'tis but the ſhew and *ſhaddow* of *Juſtice*, not the Subſtance; this is but **acting of her**: for doth any Woman lye with a Man, and not at the ſame time a Man lye with a Woman? But where are the *Men* that are *beating* of *Hemp*, for this? Where are the Men that are led by *Conſtables* and *Beadles*, through the Streets in Triumph? Where are the *Work-houſes*, that they are Feaſting upon *Bread* and *Water* in? and where may we *peep* and *ſtear* thorugh Priſon Grates *at them*? No, they are no more *touched*, than if every *Whore-maſter* were a *Juſtice* himſelf. And yet we poor Souls too leaſt deſerve this *Rigor*. The Men are *Principles*, and we but *Acceſſories* at moſt, even in caſes of our own *failings*, and *Weakneſs*: for are not the Men the firſt *Aggreſſors*? Don't they preach *Guineys*, *Love*, *Wine*, and all that's poſſible; *Haunt*, *purſue*, and *watch* us like *unreclaimed Hawks*, till they have turn'd us into being the **prey**? Yet we muſt be *blamed*, 'tis our *faults*; the *Receiver* you ſay makes the *Thief*: as if the **Honey-pot**, made the *Waſps* and *Hornets* that flock about it: or as if a Court of *Admiralty*, ſhould *adjudge* a **Prize** to be the **Pyrate**. *O Times! O Manners!* **O Aurea!** whether art thou *Fled*?

But ſtill, what *good* is there like to be done by *Puniſhing* **only us?** Will the Men become *Saints* by your making Women *Martyrs*? Do you think to *Reforme* the *Age* by Imitating that *Politique Knight* **Sir Hudibras**, who would wear but *one Spur*, becauſe forſooth he *preſum'd* if he could but make his *Jade* go on *one ſide*, the tother, would not hang------*a behind*? Thus *you will rather* be *Jockeys* then *Judges*, and *Reformation* will go on **as much**

much as My Horse. No, most *Philosophick Sages*, This will never do; this is not the *right Course*: the **Sympathy** betwixt *us* is at an end as soon as we are out of their *Arms*. There's no further *Motion* by **Consent of parts**; nor, do they *Pace* to *Church* at the same time we are *Spur'd* and *Ambling* to **Bridewell**: but, if you would have us to be in earnest *Righteous*, **Begin** with the *men*, whip them *first*. Or (which I fear you had rather be *whip't your Selves* then do; nor, to speak *truth*, do *we desire it*) Give them a **Good Example.**

But I will not be longer Tedious to so *Apprehensive* and *Judicious* an *Auditory*: I see the marks of a generous *Resentment* sit already upon your *Fore-Heads*; go on then, most worthy **Patriots**, to be more *Impartial* in your *Censures*: *Pity* at least those whom you pretend to *adore*; and if you can't afford us *Love*, allow us *Justice*. *Justice* indeed her self, you know is **Blind**: Now if you can't attain to her *Perfection*, yet at least, **Wink a little**, and become as *like her* as you *can*; and henceforth, either wholly acquit us, which will be most *Great* and *Manly*, or *Alien* not *part* of your Native Country, by turning *Bridewell* into a *Region* of **Amazons**, and deprive us of our *Loves* Society *there*, where both *they best* deserve *Ours*, and *we* have most need of their *Company* and *Comfort*. So shall all such **publick Spirited** *Virgins* as my *self*, not *Sing*, but **kiss** your Praises. The *Men* shall *fear*, and the *Women* shall **Hug** you, and shall be called by the Sex that *cannot Flatter*, The **Chancellors** of *Nature*, the **Fathers-in-Law** of your *Country*, and the *Patrons* of the **Fair**, the **Credulous**, and the **Faithful.**

DIXI.

A New PLOT

newly discovered,

By the help of the *London* B E L M A N;

Of wicked and hellish Conspiracies against the Peace of this Kingdom. Laid open to publick view of all Persons both in City and Country.

WITH

A Term kept in HELL, by *Don Belzebub*, to try Causes in that Principality; which whilst they were sitting, a letter to that Court was brought, shewing, that a certain Night-walker, of inferiour dignity, called the *London* Bellman, had discovered most of the eminent Plots, Cheats, and Villanies of several of the Officers and Promoters of the Devils own kindred, and brought them in danger of their lives; and by the help of his Lanthorn and Candle, made known the secrets that are taught in Hell, and laid them open to the broad eye of the World, and made them infamous, odious, and ridiculous to all Persons, in setting them forth in Print, and drawing their Pictures to the life, to the open view of all.

With the speedy resolutions of the whole Court of *Don Lucifer*, upon the same, how to countermine their Adversaries; with the manner of sending the Devils Footman, *Don Mugeltony*, as a Spye, amongst many Trades to corrupt them, and to prevent the discovery of the Cheats following,

Wherein is added,

A new discovery of several cunning, Gypsies, & thirteen sorts of crafty Rogues & canting Beggars, Men & Women, with their Names and Quallities described: With their manner of travelling over all *England* without ever a penny of Money.

The like never before Printed in so small a Volume. The first Part.

This may be Printed, R. P.

Printed for *J. Conyers* in *Fetter-lane*. 1685. 16. Dec.

A description of the Hall where matters are tryed in Hell; wherein is also discovered the cheats and villanies that are acted in Town and Country.

IT was at a Term in Hell; by which means *Don Lucifer* had more rapping at his Gates, than all the Doctors and Quack-salvers in twenty Cities in a great Plague. The Hall where these Causes were tryed was large, and strongly built, only it had one fault; it was so hot that people could not endure to walk therein; yet to walk there they were compelled: Nothing could be heard there but noise; every one brawled with him he walked with; and such gnashing of Teeth when the Adversaries met together, that the noise of an hundred fish-women, at *Billingsgate*, is not more horrible.

The matters that are here put in suit, are more than could be bred in twenty Vacations, yet should a man have dispatcht out of hand in one Term; he had his Judgment. The Ink that they write with is the Blood of Conjurers; they have no Paper, but Parchment which is made of Scriveners skins flea'd off, being punished for forgery; their Standishes are the Sculls of Usurers: and the Pens made of the bones of unsconscionable Brokers. Would you know what Causes are tryed here I will turn over the Records: The Schollar is here sued and condemned for Heresies: the Citizen condemned for City Sins, their Wives for pride and their servants for stealth: The Souldier is condemned for murthers: Actions of Battery are brought against Swaggerers, and are here bound to the Peace: Actions of wast are brought against Drunkards: And Belly-gods are here condemned to beg at the Grate for one drop of water to coole their Tongues, or one crumb of Bread to stay their hunger, yet are denyed it: Harlots are here condemned to howling, to rottenness, and stench; here's no Errors to reverse Judgment, but Writs of Outlawry to attach the Body for ever. Such doings are performed by the Prince of darkness, in his Terms in Hell.

But whilst *Don Belzebub* was sitting in Court, in tryal of these matters, a Letter was brought him by one of his infernal Spies, intimating that his Kingdom was undermined, and the villanies and cheats of his Agents here on Earth, as, Thieves, Rogues, Pick-pockets and Gypsies, and all others of that curst crew, as followeth. This Term was adjourned, and a Councel was held in Hell; how to prevent the discovery of these cheats several proposals were made.

A Com-

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Common Council in Hell was presently called; where up starts the Father of Hell and Damnation, and looking very terribly, with a pair of eyes as big as the Mouth at *Aldersgate*, and fetching four or five deep sighs, which was nothing else but the smoak of fire & brimstone boyling in his stomach, shewed as if he were taking Tobaco, as he often doth: He told his friends, and servants, and the rest of his Citizens dwelling within the freedom of Hell, which sate before him on narrow formes, that that they had more cause to lay their heads together; he and they knew from all corners of the Earth many come, and serve him; and that his Dominions was great, and full of great Men, and Princes, and all sorts of other People. But said he, shall we have such a fellow as a Belman, in his Night-walks, to pry into the infernal Misterys and Black-Arts of the Spirits of the deep, and then to discover them, to make them appear ugly, and out of favour with the World; and Hell in a few years would not be worth the dwelling in. The great lord *Belzebub* did therefore command all his black-guard that stood about him, to bestir them, and to defend his Court, and to punish this sawcy Belman of *London*. Thus he spake and then sate down: One delivered his opinion one way, another the contrary; At last it was concluded as a Rule in Court, That some strange Spirit that could put himself into all shapes, should be sent up to *London*, and insinuate himself into all Companies, and persuade them to fight under the Banner of the Grand Seignior of Hell: Hereupon a Messenger was called *Don Mugeltony*, and a Pasport signed and delivered to him, and bid to fly to the great City of the *West*, and to wind himself into all shapes; as, a Dog to fawn, a Dragon to confound, a Devil (as thou art) to tempt all that thou canst; haunt Taverns, and there thou shalt find Prodigals and Players, and Harlots and Drunkards; search for the Usurers threescore in the hundred, hug those golden Villains; ride up & down *Smithfield* amongst the Horse coursers; and into *Long-lane* amongst the Brokers and Taylors: I have read the Lecture, follow it, and so farewel. No sooner was farewel spoken, but this Spirit, to whom all these matters were given in charge, vanished; and the whole Assembly went about their damnable designs.

No sooner had he entered the City, but he met with one of his Masters Daughters, called *Pride*, dresst like a Merchants Wife; she took acquaintance with him, and understanding his business, advised

him to put on fine clothes in the fashion,for people are looked upon by their outsides,and that many would undoe themselves,wife,and children, to go fine : The Spirit made *Pride* a low leg for this Counsell, and so passed away to *Birchen-lane* to buy clothes:No sooner was he entered,but he was terribly sharp set upon by every Prentice boy to pull him in; he fearing they had been Serjeants, because they all had him by the back ; never was poor Devil tormented so in Hell,as he was amongst them : But finding no remedy, into a shop he goes, and was fitted bravely,but found the price unconscionable, yet paid it : But the Taylor espying the Devil suffer him to go, not bidding him know the shop another time, but looked about seeing if any thing was missing, at last found he had lost his Conscience;but remembring that those that deal with the Devil can hardly keep it, he valued it the less.

This stygan-Travellour have been translated into an Accomplished *Gallant*, with his Rapier by his side;he wanted nothing but Company suitable to his Clothes ; and knowing that selected Gallants do resort to Ordinaries, he according enters in state : He was no sooner entered but these sharpers came about him,having never before the Embassador of the Devil to dine with them; he found that an Ordinrry was the only Randezvous of the cnnningest wits, and sharpers, of the Town,and a very Exchange for News. Here if a Woman would cast her self away upon a Knight, to be a Lady, she might be fitted. Here a Man should have a Catalogue of the Richest Widows in *London*. Lastly, it was a School of one form ; the Country Gentleman was of as great cunning as the proudest Justice. The Devils Intelligencer could not content himself in feeding his eys with objects, and his belly with good cheer;but he drew a large Picture of all that was there, in their colours.

The Voider having cleared the table,Cards and Dice were brought in as the next course ; and those that were full of coyn drawed, and that they had little stood by and gave aim;they shuffle and cut on one side,and the bones rattle on the other.Long had they not played e're Oathes flew up and down like Hail-shot:If the poor dumb Dice be a little out of square ,they cry, The Pox, and a thousand Plague break their necks out at window : Presently the four Knaves are sent the same way, or else, as Hereticks, are condemned to be burnt. In this battel of Cards and Dice they have several Regiments, and several

ral Officers: They that ſit down to play, are, at firſt, called *Leaders*: Thoſe that loſe are the *Forlorne Hope*, He that wins is the *Eagle*; He that ſtands by and ventures, is the *Wood-Pecker*: The freſh Gameſter Gallant is the *Gull*: Laſtly, he that ſtands by and lends, is the *Gull-groper*, or *Impoſt-taker*.

The *Gull-groper* is one that is an old Money-monger, who hath ſeen all the follies of the World in his Youth, and ſhuns them in his age; his whole felicity is to fill his Bags with Gold and Silver: He comes to the Ordinary to ſave charges of Houſe-keeping; yet he ſwears he comes for company. Now if he, or the *Leader*, or *Forlorne Hope*, or any of the reſt, chance to hear of freſh water Souldiers, that never before followed theſe Wars, (his Father being lately dead, and left him ten or twelve thouſand pounds in ready money,) they firſt enquire out his Lodging, and then they inſinuate themſelves into his company, at laſt draw him down to this Ordinary, where the reſt creep and cringe to him; and after dinner get him to play, where he ſhall for a great while win all; but, at laſt, with their cogging Dice, they win all our young Gallant's money: The *Forlorne-Hope* doth gallantly come on; the *Eagle* feathers his Neſt; the *Wood-pecker* picks up his Crumbs; the *Gull groper* grows fat with feeding; and the *Gull* himſelf, whom every one hath pull'd, hath (in the end) ſcarce enough to keep his back warm.

The Infernal Promoter being weary with travelling about the City, at laſt he enters into the Suburbs; where he ſaw the doors of notorious curſed Bawds, like Hell gates, night and day ſtanding open, with a pair of Harlots in ſilken Gowns, like two painted Poſts garniſhing out thoſe doors, being better to that houſe than a double ſign: when the door of a poor Tradeſman, if his Child had dyed but with one token of death about him, his door was cloſe ſhut up, and a Guard ſet at it, to prevent others being infected. Yet the Plague that a VVhore-houſe lays upon the City, is worſe, yet laughed at; it is not looked into, or if looked into, yet winked at. The Tradeſman having his door locked up, loſeth his Conſtant Cuſtomers, and perhaps undoes him; whilſt in the mean time, the Strumpet is ſet at work and maintained many times by thoſe Informers that undoe others: O wide mouth'd Hell! laugh *Lucifer*, and dance Devils, for *Belzebub* keeps the Regiſter Book of all Bawds, Panders, and Curtizens.

How

He that undertakes this Journey puts on brave Apparel, which he gets of some confiding Taylor; which having got himself mounted on a good Gelding, he rides into the Countrey, where his table is covered in every *shire*: When he comes within a mile of a Town, he sets Spurrs to his Horse, with his Coat off, and his Hat thrust into his Breeches, as if it were lost, with an empty pair of Hangers by his side, to shew that he hath been disarmed; where he rides to a Gentlemans house, or a wealthy Farmer's, and their makes his complaint, how that he is a Gentleman, and hath been set upon by several Highway Men, which had taken all his Silver and Gold away, and were rid into such a Wood: The Gentlemen believing him, not knowing but at one time or other it might be their fortune to be served so, took pitty on him, and were liberal of their Purses to him. Thus he travells from Town to Town, and from City to City, (as if he were Landlord in every *shire*) to gather up his Rents.

The degrees of the canting Beggars, Men and Women; with their Names and Qualities described,

YOu must understand, that serving in the Country in the Office of an High-Constable, I came to the knowledge of these things, by these lewd Persons brought before me, which I shall present the Reader, as followeth:

The first is called an *Upright Man*; he being the chief of all of this ragged Regiment, he walks with a Trunchin in his hand, like a Commanders staff; pretends to be a decayed Souldier; and claims a share in the booties of all the inferiour Rogues do get; he hath all the Morts and Doxes at his beck, and commands any of the gang at his pleasure By this description there is a great deal of difference between an upright Man and an honest man. The 2. is, A *wild Rogue* is bred up from his Cradle, and so lives all his life-time, and disdaines to take any Calling or profession upon him; but as he lives, so he dies. The 3. is called, *Priger* of *Prancers*, or *Horse-stealers*; for the *prig*, (in the canting language) is to *steal*, and *Prancer* signifieth a *Horse*; Farmers and Country Gentlemen, that keeps Horses, know him by sad experience. The 4. is *Palliards* or *Clapperdugeons*, which alwaies go with their Morts at their heels; and with Sperwort and Arsneck raise blysters on their Leggs, which they can cure again at their pleasure; When they come

into

into a ſtreet, they beg on the one ſide of the ſtreet, and the other on the other ſide, and the money they get, they are merry with at the bowſing kee n-houſe, or Ale-houſe. The 5 are called *Quire-Birds*; they are ſuch as the Proverb ſaith, *Birds of a Feather are Rogues together*: they are (commonly) ſuch as ſing in ſuch like Cages as *Newgate*, or ſome other Priſon: The 6 is the *Abram-Man*, or *Tom* of *Bedlam*; he is one as counterfeits madneſs, and by many fantaſtick tricks, gets from Country people Bacon, and other Victualls, as will yield him money, which he maketh himſelf drunk withal: He hath commonly a Doxy, called, *Beſt* of *Bedlam*; the Maids know them too well by ſtealing their Linnen. A 7 ſort are called *Whipjacks*; they are ſuch as travell from town to town, under the pretence of ſhip-wrackt Seamen, with a counterfeit Licenſe to beg, which Licenſe they call a *Gibe*: They talk of Sea-Voyages, but the end of their Land Voyage is for what they can get, and to rob Booths at Fairs which they call heaving the Booth; at which they are expert. The 8 are called *Counterfeit Cranks*; they are ſuch as pretend themſelves to have the Falling ſickneſs, and by putting a peice of white Sope in the corner of their mouthes, which will make the froth come out boyling, to cauſe pitty in the beholders: they ſtare wildly with their eyes, to appear as diſtracted; and go ſometimes go half naked, to move the greater compaſſion: Theſe *Cranks* have their wenches, at their meeting, at their command. The 9 are called *Dumb members*; and he is couſin *German* to the *Cranks*, for as the one counterfeits the Falling-ſickneſs, the other counterfeits Dumbneſs, making a horrible noiſe, inſtead of ſpeech, by doubling his tongue in his mouth; but if you give him nothing, he can then open his mouth to curſe you privatly: This *Jack* hath his Mob, upon which he ſpends his lowre at the bouſing Keen-Houſe. The 10 is called the *Patrico*, or their Prieſt; every hedge is his pariſh, and every wandring Rogue and Whore are his pariſhoners: His ſervice is only marrying of couples, by bidding them go to together, and multiply, and fill the world with a gencration of Vagabones. The 11 are *Glimmerars*; they are ſuch as travell about with a Licenſe to beg, becauſe they pretend their Houſes were conſumed by Fire; they uſe a ſad tone in begging, and tell a lamentable ſtory, how the fire deſtroyed their Barnes, and Stables, and other Goods; by which lyes they get ſtore of money to buy bub at the bouſing keen. The 12 is called a

Jackman;

Jackman; he is one that can write and read, and hath some smattering in the *Latine* Tongue, by which means he advances amongst the Beggars for a Clerk; his Imployment is to make counterfeit Licenses, with Seals, by which he gets store of lowre, to make himself drunk withal. The 13 of this rambling Crew, are called *Kinchin-Coves*, being little boys, whose Parents were Beggars, but being dead, are young Boyes that run from their Masters, and follow this kind of Life. The first thing they learn, is to cant; and the only thing they do, is to pick Pockets, and creep in at Windows, or Cellar-doors. Thus have I given you a short description of the Men; by which you may give a shrewd guess at the Women.

At first they are *Kinchin-morts*, and their mothers carries them at their backs in sheets: When the *Mort* begs, they prick their *Kinchins* with pins to make them cry, that the people might the speedier give them their Alms. *Dells* are young wenches that have lost their maidenheads when they were very young; after, they change their name into *Doxys*; which being deflowred by the *Upright-Man*, are after common to any of the Brotherhood. A walking *Mort* is one that hath had several lulaby-Cheats, or Children, yet never married. They are dangerous Queans to meet withal; and are kept in awe only by the *Upright-man*. The next is *Aster-morts*, another sort of the Devils; and differs from the other, because she is married: They commonly walk with their Wallets on their shoulders, and sheets at their backs, and will pilfer any thing that lies carelessly about houses. Their Husbands are commonly called *Rufflers*.

Thus I have given you a brief Account of this knot of Villaines, which may be properly called The Devils Black Guard; *which may be of great use to all people, both in City and Country, to take heed they are not ruined by them. And so I bid you farewel: Forewarned forearmed. I shall here conclude this first part; your kind Acceptance of this may cause me to give a more fuller Account of this wicked Crew in a second Part.*

FINIS.

4d.

Mercurius Menippeus.

THE

LOYAL SATYRIST,

OR,

HUDIBRAS

IN

PROSE.

Written by an unknown Hand in the time of the late Rebellion. But never till now publiſhed.

Si Cato reddatur, Cæſareanus erit.

LONDON,
Printed for *Joſ. Hindmarſh* at the Sign of the Black Bull near the Royal Exchange in *Cornhill.* 1681.

6 Jan. 1/2.

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Mercurius Menippeus:

OR, THE

LOYAL SATYRIST.

SInce the Liberty of the Subject, and Free-Quarter; ſince New Lights, and Selling Malignants by an inch of Candle, the World hath produced *Mercuries* as faſt as *Darby-Houſe* ſpawn'd Committees, or Committees ſtarted Delinquents. For why do *Weſtminſter-Abbey* Lubbers ſit ſo long, but onely to have their Pictures drawn? But yet no Ink could repreſent them black enough. The fitteſt Emblem of the Parliament Houſe, is a Turky-Pie, the Heads without will inform you what Birds are within.

But alas, poor Infants! We muſt be whipt, and yet not have leave to cry: Kiſs the Rod that ſcourged you. Women in ſome Countries never love their Husbands till they be well beaten by them;

and certainly our REFORMERS would have us as good natur'd as their Spaniels. And indeed, to what purpose is Hue and Crie sent after a Troop of Horse? 'Twere ridiculous for a Constable to charge the Peace upon *Cromwel*, or make privy search into *Lental's* Exchequer, especially since the Kingdom was reformed into a *Lacedæmonian* State. For when *Lilburn* was *Lycurgus*, Plundering must needs be Statutable. What other Laws can we expect from him and *Newgate*? Felony already is a Crime onely in some silly Wretches, who are punish'd for it; but Parricides are still above the reach of Justice. While two Armies murther, and imprison, an honest man may be *Burleigh'd* for beating up a Drum. As if in a Country of *Cannibals*, a poor innocent Cutler should be hanged for grinding a Stilletto. Pillories are more cruel than Scaffolds, or perhaps *Prin's* Ears were larger than my Lord of *Canterburie's* Head.

But Lord! to what an height were May-Poles grown? And could they be reformed without Sequestration and Excize? Nay, the Primitive Zeal had almost melted the Bells, and made them ring backwards for themselves. A Psalm of Mercy is even denied the Chimes, and masculine *Tom* of *Lincoln* must be gelded into a Roaring *Meg*. Roundheads and Atheists hate Superstition, onely CROMWEL and the DEVIL are afraid of Crosses.

'Tis

'Tis well Churches ſurvived thus long; for ſince my Lord *Brook*'s Groom and Coachman propagated the Goſpel, Chriſtians were born in Stables onely. So *Job* came to be a Saint, but upon a Dunghil. And why may not a ſanctified Whipſter be a Heaven-driver, as well as *Brereton* and *Harvey* Biſhops? Who would have thought that Snaphaunches and Baskethilts were of Apoſtolick Inſtitution? or that Buff and Feather were *Jure Divino*? *Croyden* and *Fulham* are not inhabited, but haunted; nor do they lodge Inmates, but Apparitions and Goblins. Thus have Chriſtian Churches been converted into *Turkiſh* Moſques, and Abbies have been made Neſts for Rooks and Daws. The Devil is an Enemy to all Hierarchy, and therefore Holy-days muſt be aboliſhed, and ſo farewel Saints and Angels. All renounce *Whitſuntide*, and yet boaſt the Holy Ghoſt. *Simon* and *Jude* are vanquiſhed by *Lilly* and *Booker*, and *Michael* is ſubdued by another Devil. *Time*'s Sith was turned into a Saw, nor was he bald enough to be a perfect Roundhead. But an Execution muſt have ſome Repreve. All ſtickle for their *Powder-Treaſon*. The Prentices reſcue *Shrove-Tueſday*, and the Siſters muſt be indulged a *Valentine*. What need any other Obſervations? They can feaſt themſelves without a *Chriſtmaſs*, and ſtarve others without a *Lent*.

Welcome, adieu *Fridays* and welcome Monthly Faſts,

Fasts; adieu Idolaters, and wellcome New Moons. This still Sow hath devoured more than all the Bishops Hospitality. Their Idol-Humiliation, like *Bell*, consumes all, and yet eats nothing. But all this is merciful. Their too much Fasting hath made them Cannibals. They can say Grace over Mummy, and give Thanks for my Lord of *Strafford*. As if they had abstained onely, as Beasts tied up, that they might devour poor Martyrs more greedily savagely. Nay they eat up one another. Both the *Hothams*, like two Thieves, wait upon their crucified *Bishop*. The Parliament, like *Sejanus*, is destruction both to their Friends and Enemies. My Lord *Brook's* New Light at last blinded him: He was first made a Mole, and then earth'd: A fit end for the Underminers of a State! *Lucas* and *Lisle* were both revenged, since the Vice-Admiral and *Rainsborough* were levelled. For as he was regenerate, so he died twice. 'Tis thought his Sea sickness purged the better half away: The Haddocks had as good a Breakfast as the Worms. *Crassus* built a Sepulchre to his deceased Lamprey: And what was all this Funeral Pomp dedicated to, but an Otter? To be Mourners at the Death of a Water-Rat, is a vanity beyond being Maudlin Drunk. Why all these ridiculous Attendants? A single Sculler is good enough to carry a Dog to *Wapping*. The numerous wild Gang is exceeded every Execution day. We see a fuller Appearance at *Newgate*. The Worthy was but two Wheels above

above an ordinary Villain and differed onely in the blackneſs of his Soul, and his Wardrobe.

And moſt of the Heroes are ſuch twiſted pieces, one knows not from which part of the *Centaur* to name them. Whom their *Alchoran* writes Prophets, others think Impoſtors. The Devil will ſtill be Black, though the *Indians* paint him White. All their Patrons die, like *John Huſs*, both Hereticks and Saints; nor can we diſcern, whether 'tis a Martyr or a Witch that burns. My Lord *Say*'s Sanctity is ſomewhat like his Son *Nat*--'s Valour. The Jewel hath too much of *Briſtol* in it. The Dog in the *Tower*, though proof againſt Lions, is no *Daniel*. O what a godly thing is the Sign of the Hand Bible! What a devout company of Saints are *Rebecca*, her Book, her Pattens and her Stool? For all muſt together: Nor would you think her going to Church, but removing Houſe. I wonder ſhe is never apprehended for carrying Burthens upon the *Sabbath-day*. Well, this Coif and Croſs cloth, this Blew Apron'd Saint is as much in the Church as the Parſon's Hour-Glaſs, the Haſſocks, or the People that are buried there. Nor will ſhe tire with a ſingle Hearing, but trudge from *Tantlin*'s to *Tellin*'s, and hold out killing of a Brace or two, and all long Courſes. Thus are they carried from Ordinance to Ordinance, like Beggars from one Church to another, that they may ply at both places.

And what are their *Levites* but their *Friars Mendicant* for both the Houſes? Not a Sunday ſince the Combuſtion paſt without a Brief. How oft have they picked our Pockets with the Relief of *Ireland?* This Knack has been as beneficial as their Plundering. As much hath been gotten by a *Good your Worſhip*, as by a *Stand and Deliver.* We could never get out of the Church without a Compoſition: The Parſon's Application was certainly directed to our Purſe: Every Motive ſtrained our Pockets, and the laſt Uſe was an Uſe of Sequeſtration. See how the Pulpit-Duelliſt fights with *Bellarmine*, how he ſweats and toyls, plays out all his Weapons, and (you may be ſure) hath got the better; but after with an Addreſs to the Spectators to throw him ſome money.

Well, Who's for *Aldermanbury?* You would think a Phœnix preached there, but that Birds will flock after an Owl as faſt. And a Football in cold Weather is as much followed as *Calamy* by all his rampant Dog-day Zealots. But 'tis worth the Crouding to hear the Baboon Expound, like the Ape taught to play on the Cittern. You would think the Church as well as Religion were invers'd, and the Anticks, which were uſed to be without, were removed into the Pulpit. Yet theſe Apiſh Tricks muſt be the motions of the Spirit, his Whimſie-Meagrim muſt be an Ecſtaſie,

and

and Dr. *G.* his Palſey make him the Father of the Sanctified Shakers. Thus among *Turks*, Dizzineſs is a Divine Trance; Changlings and Ideots are the chiefeſt Saints; and 'tis the greateſt ſign of Revelation, to be out of ones Wits.

Inſtead of a dumb Shew, enter the Sermon Dawbers. O what a gracious ſight is a Silver Ink-horn! How bleſſed a Gift is it to write Short-hand! What neceſſary Implements for a Saint are Cotton, Wool and Blotting-Paper? Theſe Dablers turn the Church into a Scrivener's Shop. A Country Fellow laſt Term miſtook it for the *Six-Clerks-Office*. The Parſon looks like an Offender upon the Scaffold, and they penning his Confeſſion, or a Spirit conjured up by their uncouth Characters. By his Cloak you would take him for the Prologue to a Play; but his Sermon, by the length of it ſhould be a Tailor's Bill, and what treats it of, but ſuch Buckram, Fuſtian Stuff? What a deſperate Green-ſickneſs is the Land fallen into, thus to doat on Coals, and Dirt, and ſuch Rubbiſh Divinity? Muſt the *French* Cook our Sermons too? And are Frogs, Fungos and Toad-ſtools the chiefeſt Diſh in a Spiritual Collation? Strange *Iſraelites!* that cannot diſtinguiſh betwixt Mildew, and Manna. Certainly in the brighteſt Sunſhine of the Goſpel, Clouds are the beſt Guides, and Woodcocks are the onely Birds of Paradiſe. I wonder how the ignorant *Rabbies* ſhould differ

ſo much, ſince moſt of their Libraries conſiſt onely of a *Concordance*. The Wiſemens Star doubtleſs was an *Ignis Fatuus* in a Church yard, and it was ſome ſuch *Will o'th' Wiſp* ſteered prophetical *Saltmarſh*, when riding Poſt to Heaven, he loſt his way in a Foreſt. Indeed their rare Gifts have one property of the Spirit, to be Inviſible, and ſo much of Revelation, as not to be underſtood; like the Muſick of the Spheres, which never was heard.

But Cyphers may make an Aſſembly, though no Number: And what can we expect from an A B C Synod, but a Catechiſm? *Mount Sion* hath at laſt brought forth a Mouſe, though it was long enough in Spawning to have been an Elephant. They have Reformation *Pauls* work, and O may they have the Scaffolds for their Pains! For what have they given us for Lawn-ſleeves but Sackcloth and Miſery? Inſtead of Liturgies they have brought upon us all thoſe Afflictions, we there prayed againſt. The Church, while beautiful, was the *Whore of Babylon*. Their Zeal was never hot enough, till it had ſcorched them into *Blackamores*. Too much fair Weather, forſooth, had almoſt ſtarved us. Seven years purging would kill an *Hercules*. To be always ſnuffing, muſt at laſt put out the Light. And what can be pure enough with them, that dare Article the Creed, and attempt to Reform the Apoſtles? Theſe will ſhrive the whole *Bible*, and have interpreted *Our Father*, &c.

ſo

ſo long backwards, that they have made ſome believe 'twas Conjuring. The Synod was the Parliaments Spiritual Block-houſe, and the Prolocutor was the Speaker's Echo. All the Divines, like Prieſts of old, were inſpired from Vaults, and the Lower Houſe.

Oh! How ſweetly did the Syren-Repreſentative ſing at firſt? How quickly it brought forth deſtruction, and proved a Monſter? *Nero* was pretty tolerable for five years, and this Butter-print Parliament was Gold in the Morning, and Lead at Night. For what have our precious States done, but cured and ſmothered little Diſeaſes with the Plague? They have redreſſed the *Counter*, and by all their Reformations, made the Kingdom at laſt truly to want a Reformation. But Vengeance overtook them, and by ſpinning backward they have made Ropes for their own Necks. Silly Conjurers! who have raiſed a Devil, and now cannot lay him. The Leaſe of your Dominion is out. Face about! Now the Fiend muſt be Maſter. Thus ſhall Anarchy revenge the King, and Conventicles puniſh the Synods Sacrilege. Lice and Frogs plague the *Egyptians* for the injured *Iſraelites*.

Who would have thought that there ſhould have been a Reformation beyond Root and Branch? Or that there ſhould be ſuch antipathy between a Spider and a Toad? Souldiers are omnipotent in Uncreating

creating and Destruction. This *April* (they say) shall dissolve a Triennial Parliament, adjourn Eternity, and put an end to Perpetuity. *Cromwel* hath Wolves enough to silence the *Speaker*, and make *Lenta!* a dumb Dog. Alas, poor *Directory!* Thou must give up the Ghost too, the Spirit must the way of all Flesh. Now Law it self must be arraigned, and the new Judges to Execution. What a fine humour would it be to see *Wild Burleigh'd* by a Drum and Souldiers? And *Rolls* Coach it up *Holborn* instead of *Fleetstreet*? O! That they may have their Coifs all turned into Night-caps, and instead of old Women become proper Men. Since the Members Regent were in durance, the Two Houses look like the Representations of *Ludgate* and *Newgate*. What need the distinction of Upper and Lower? *Cromwel* will serve both for King of Hell, and Prince of the Air. *Warwick* for all his juggling, may perhaps suffer Shipwrack. *Xerxes* was a Leveller, he fettered the Sea; and why may not these put the *Admiral* in Chains? *Prin*'s Head must after his Ears, and the *Speaker*'s Bags will ere long prove him a *Judas*. My Lord *Say*'s white Powder is no longer silent and innocent, but must submit to *Cromwel*'s black. *Pembroke* may be Visited, and *Mancheſter* Universitied: One is not Fool, and the other is not Fool enough to be secure. And indeed these are Saints in comparison of *Cromwel*'s Life guard. *Hammond* is a Christian, compared with *Rolf*. The Head quarters

ters make *Newgate* a *Sanctum Sanctorum*: The Souldiers are not good enough for Gibbets, in their Reformation the Gallows is under Perſecution, and *Tiburn* ſuffers Martyrdom. Not one of *Peters* his 1500 Saints, but may with St. *Francis*, give place to the Devil. If theſe propagate the Goſpel, it muſt be as the Painter finiſhed his Picture by defacing it, when the Sponge did the Work of his Pencil. To hope for Reformation from Levellers, is to gape for the Miracle of *Andromeda*, and to expect beauty from a Negro. *Agitators* are as good Phyſick for a ſick Church or State, as Chips of the Gallows are for the Ague. There is not a Souldier but changes his Religion as often as his Shirt, that being ſooner louſie than his Linnen. They void their Principles at every Sermon, nor do they go to Church, but to Stool. And well may they part with them ſo eaſily, ſince their Religion is no better than toaſted Cheeſe, every man is his own Cook, each Trooper, like a Knight of *Malta*, is both Prieſt and Souldier. Revelations are ſo common, that the Spirit is become a meer *Familiar*. You may be of all Religions, but the *Proteſtant*, as the *Pagans* worſhip all Gods but the true one. As if that Uniformity did not become the Church as well as Confuſion; and the Surplice were not as handſom as the Beggars Coat. *Roſſiter* is *Jew* extraordinarily *circumciſed*, Root and Branch. *Martin's* Paradiſe is the ſame with *Mahomet's*, his Heaven is onely in a *Seraglio*. *Cromwel* may paſs for a Pope,

Pope *Joan*, or the Whore of *Babylon*, and differs onely thus much from a *Papiſt*; they torment themſelves, he other Folks. He believes in Merits ſo far, that he thinks he ſhall be ſaved by Villanies, and go to Heaven, like *Hercules* and *Theſeus* becauſe he hath been in Hell. Indeed all of them are Religious Mimmicks, devout Vizards, and if Sanctity be Snot or the Pox, and ſeated in the Noſe; they are as perfectly God's Apes, as the Devil is. Theſe zealous Pyramids always point at Heaven, as Fire, though in Hell, mounts upwards.

But they are Angels, onely that they may be Devils. A *Jew* cannot be a *Turk*, till he be a *Chriſtian*. They put on Religion to murther the King, as that damn'd *Monk* poiſoned the *Emperour* with the *Euchariſt*. They bring in Reformation, as the old Poets did their Gods, to conclude their Tragedy more eaſily. Bloudy Conſpiracies are always ſhrouded under Leagues. When a Maſſacre is intended, they Chime all in to *Sicilian Veſpers*. When they cry out *the Church! the Church!* they mean our Grave. What degrees of Miſery are flung upon us? After a Parliament comes an Army: Rods are turned into Scorpions. We have all theſe years been almoſt ridden to death by a Nightmare, and now muſt be tormented with Devils. Had we waked in time, we might have diſmounted that Load: But nothing now under a Miracle can diſpoſſeſs us of theſe Legions. Theſe *Turks* ſhall enjoy the *Holy Land*, while we poor *Jews* ſojourn

journ at home, and live Strangers in our own Countrey. They level others, but advance themſelves. Angels deſcend, but 'tis the Devil's Poſture to be raiſed up. All, who have kept their Innocency, muſt be ſtript; whileſt theſe Buſt-Sinners ſtant it in Beaſt-Skins.

But *Cromwel* wants neither Wardrobe nor Armour: His Face wears natural Buff, and his Skin may furniſh him with a ruſty Coat of Mail. You would think he had been chriſtened in a Lime pit, and tanned alive, but that his Countenance ſtill continues Mangy. We cry out againſt Superſtition, and yet worſhip a piece of Wainſcot, and idolize an unblanched Almond. Certainly 'tis no humane Viſage, but the Emblem of a Mandrake, one ſcarce handſom enough to have been the Progeny of *Hecuba*, had ſhe whelp'd him when ſhe was a Bitch. His Soul too is as ugly as his Body; for who can expect a Jewel in the head of a Toad? Yet this Baſilisk would King it, and a Brewer's Horſe muſt be a Lion.

I wonder how Sir *Samuel Luke* and he ſhould claſh, for they are both Cubs of the ſame ugly Litter. This Urchin is as ill Carved as that Goblin Painted. The Grandam Bear ſure had bliſtered her Tongue, and ſo left him unlicked. He looks like a Snail with his Houſe upon his back, or the Spirit of the *Militia* with a Natural Snapſack, and may ſerve both for Tinker, and Budget too. Nature

intended him to play at Bowls, and therefore clapt a Bias upon him. His Mother longed for Pumpions. He was begotten in a Cupping glaſs, and engendered in a Tod of Hay. Some Earthquake hath diſordered the Symmetry of the Microcoſm: Sunk one Mountain, and put up another. One would think a Mole had crept into his Carcaſe before 'tis laid in the Church-yard, and rooted in it. He looks like the viſible tie of *Æneas* boulſtring up his Father, or ſome Beggar-Woman endorſed with her whole Litter, and with child behind. You may take him for *Anti-Chriſtopher* with the Devil at his back. O that Knot-graſs ſhould purge the Kingdom! We muſt be ridden by a Camel, and reformed by the Sign of the Dolphin. You would think that he were levelled ſufficiently: But *Harvey* will have him lower yet, and down with the Wall, though it be built with a Buttreſs.

But *Harvey* is not ſo much for levelling the Men, as *Martin* the Women. Look to your *Jane Shores* you *Lumbard-ſtreet* men. He brings no Maiden-Troop: This is no Eunuch General. The Stallion is of ſo prodigious an Itch, you would think he had been gotten of *Lot*'s Wife, after ſhe was turned into a Pillar of Salt. He is the Bane of *Guiacum*, and the Deſpair of Syringes. So excellent gifted for a Conventicle, that he will edifie you out of *Cornelius* his Tub. Are the Godly Ones like Sacrifices, never accepted till they are burnt?

Is

Is there no way to deſtroy the Whore of *Babylon*, but by a Town-Bull? Strange, that none of the *Luthers* can Reform without Nuns! Dr. *Burgeſs*, forſooth, muſt have his *Hagar*. And *Peters* cannot propagate the Goſpel without Marrowbones, without the help of Lamb-ſtones, and the Butcher's Wife.

Martin is not ſo great a Sinner againſt one Commandment, but my Lord of *Pembroke* will out-throw him half a Bar at another. One you would take for *Aretine*'s Pictures moralized, the other for the Covenant incarnate. *Martin* for a *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, and *Pembroke* for a *Knight of the Poſt*. This *Hercules* inſtead of a Worthy, is nothing but an adverb of Swearing. He ſwallows the Covenant as eaſily as an ordinary *Dam-me*. This Landskip, this Map of Nobility differs as much from a true *Brittain* as a *Mountgomery* Beacon from a Star, or a *Welch* Leek from Saint *David*. Yet rather than not be famous for ſomewhat, he will murther the Univerſities, like that Villain, who burnt *Diana*'s Temple to get himſelf a name. This is the ſecond Part of *Mancheſter* to the ſame Tune, *Kimbolton* of the Second Edition. One made the Kingdom a Lord *Brooks*, and the other a roaſted Pig. He carries a dull foggy Ignorance about him, would blind the Kingdom, though it were an *Argus*, and is more unlucky in an Univerſity than Monkies in a Glaſs-ſhop. He would make an excellent Chancellour for the *Mews*, or were *Oxford* turned into a Kennel of Hounds, and

the *Sheldons* and *Hammonds*, *Motleys* and *Fowlers*. His own Houſe is an Academy for Hawks and Spaniels, and an Hoſpital for many Cures, Glanders, and the Faſhions. This *Nero* keeps a Wilderneſs at home, and is ſo much given to his bruitiſh Society, that you would take him for *Nebuchadnezzar* turned Beaſt. *Oldſworth* is his Crony, becauſe his four-legged Animal. For what are *Michael* and his Lordſhip, but a blind Man and his Dog? And any kind of Creatures would make as good Subjects as ſuch Earls. Some Dogs ſcorn *Cromwel*'s health, and will not eat, but for King *Charles*. Though Parrots may be taught Allegiance, and Crows have been ſtoried Royaliſts and Linguiſts too, the blind Whelp hath not docility enough to know his Maſter. Yet ſhall he be the Peoples Idol too, and a reprobate *Welch* Goat one of the Elect, though he is not ſo much a Chriſtian as the Thorn at *Glaſtenbury*.

But why may not my Lord Billet in Heaven, as well as *Will. Lilly* and *Booker*, and take *Bedlam* for a Paradiſe rather than make a Saint of the Man in the Moon? Indeed for theſe that change Religion every Year, the fitteſt Goſpel is an *Almanack*. But who would take theſe Star-gazers for the *Wiſe men*? Well. Wiſe men they muſt be; but the Queſtion is, Whether of *Greece* or of *Gotham*? O the Infallibility of *Etra-Pater*, *Lilly*! The Wizard, perhaps, might do much at Hotcockles, and gheſs well at Blind-man's Buff. But I durſt undertake to poſe him

him with a Riddle, and ſtand his Intelligence in a Dog in a Wheel. An over-turned Salt is a ſurer Prophet. The Sieve and Shears are Oracles to him. A whining Pig ſees farther into a Storm. Rats will prognoſticate the Ruine of a Kingdom with more certainty. And as for Palmeſtry, a Gypſie, or *Derrick* may be his Tutor. The Wittal is cuckolded over and over, and yet the *Oedipus* is blind. Like the old Witch, who, being conſulted to diſcover a Thief, could not ſmell out who had ſhit at her own door. Indeed he is exeellent at foretelling things paſt, and calculates the *Deputie*'s Nativity after he is beheaded. And then by ſtarting a Propheſie, he excites the credulous Vulgar to fulfil it. Thus can he antedate *Cromwel*'s ſwift Malice, depoſe the King five years before hand, and inſtruct *Rolf* how to be damned. Impious Villains! to make the Spheres like the Aſſociated Counties, and the Heavenly Houſes ſo many Lower Houſes, fix a guilt upon the Stars, and perſuade the Planets are Rebels. As if there were a Sequeſtration-Star, or any Conſtellation looked like a Committee. Away with your Bulls and Bears! ſhould we be ſubject to their Influence, each Conſtellation would make a Man a Beaſt, every Planet a wandering *Jew*. What fit Inſtruments are Aſtrologers for Rebels? Heaven as well as *Paul*'s is made a Stable. Their Propheſies are, like Pictures, commendable, becauſe they look every way. They are calculated for every Meridian, and are as much truth to the *Turk* as the

States.

States. They are all born under *Gemini*, every Prediction is a Twin. Oracles muſt ſtill ſpeak double: Sure the Devil is always drunk, or treats with his Foot, or the Serpent muſt have his Tongue cleft too. *Lilly* has chriſten'd himſelf an Ape of Hell: *Merlinus Anglicus* is nothing, but an *Engliſh Devil.* He might ken all *Phænomenas* upon Earth better, would he for prey, like the Kite, deſcend. What are all our New Lights, but ſo many prodigious Meteors, exalted perhaps from Dunghils, admired a while for Stars, and are found onely ſlime and Gelly? *Cromwel's* Noſe is a Comet in grain, and the Grand *Eclipſe*, certainly is no *Common-Council.*

If the *Londoners* by this time have not enough of *Parliament*, may they ſtill fight with Images, and adore a Repreſentative; ſtill quarrel with Superſtition, and worſhip the Hoſt of Heaven. They will perceive at laſt what kind of Phyſick is Reformation, and being drunk once a Moneth. Sure all the Women in the City are with Child by *Martin*, and ſo longed for Levellers. For were Altars Plea enough to offer up the Biſhops? Muſt *Abel* ſtill ſuffer for his Sacrifice? Sure his *Holineſs* was the Pope, and Juſtice on *Prin's* Ears a piece of *Auricular Confeſſion.* Their *Deputy*, forſooth, hath made away their Churches, and was executed like the poor Aſs for drinking up the Town Moon. Proceed, proceed, my fine Reformers! So may your *Conduit*

duit Knight vanquiſh his *Idol-Grove*: So may the *George* on Horſe-back ſubdue the *Green Dragon*, and after all their Victorious Gambols, both Man and Horſe become Reformers Laureat. But what have you got for your *No Plum Pottage*? Nay, what hath all your Plate got you, but Ironſides? Examine all your Preſſures that contain Pluralities of Monopolies. Patents for Rags are not ſo rank, as Exciſe for Turds. The Dunghil is ſweeter than the Jakes and *Atkins*. Since the offended Souldiers were your Maſters, the *Livery-men* walk as if they ran the Gauntlet. Now the City is turned Delinquent, what doth the *Lord Mayor* but ride the Horſe? And what are the *Aldermen* but ordinary *Red-coats*? Thus the Parliament, like the *Spaniards* fatal Room, inſtead of Treaſure hath coined Deſtruction and Invaſion. Like ſilly Mariners, you have adored that *Pharos* for a Star, and ſo ſplit your ſelves on your Security.

But the States have redeemed all by their Treaty: Yet that was but a Death-bed Repentance, they laid down their Commiſſion juſt before they were to be caſhiered. The *Turks* impriſoned their Emperour or King: *Turks* are Reformers, or Reformers *Turks*. But *CHARLES* muſt ſuffer more than one ſingle Perſon can inflict: Levellers heat the Fire ſeven times hotter. No Mercy, no Act of Oblivion; they can admit of any thing from Hell but *Lethe*. Theſe *Medes* and *Perſians* are unalterable:

alterable; *Daniel* must to the Lion's Den, *Hurst-Castle*. What can succeed the Dungeon but Execution? What can a King expect but Death, who is already buried alive? The next Enlargement translates him out of the World. *Cæsar*'s Tragedy is best presented in the Senate. *Westminster* (alas!) is the ready way to the Tombs.

Cromwel must triumph with the Axe before him, though that, as of old, should properly be directed to the Conquerour. *Lilly* can prognosticate no fair Weather till the Sun set Red. The Queen must submit to Mother *Shipton*, and *CHARLES* be murthered to fulfil old Prophecies. Thus still Rebellion is the Sin of Witchcraft. The King can never please them, till he looks, as in his Coin (their Idol) beheaded; and nothing can be too dear an Offering for their *Molock* Reformation. They build up Scaffolds (the Devil's Altars) and sacrifice Men for pure innocent Ones. They cry out against Idolatry, and yet are *Cannibals* in Superstition. As the Covenant was sealed from the *Bishops* Veins, so Levelling must be ratified by the *Bloud Royal*. The *Presbyter*, of the two, proved the gentler Thief, and differed from the Independent, as a Tinker from his more Savage Trull: One stripped and bound the King, that the other might cut his Throat. One silenced the Bells of his Nativity, and the other made them ring out for his Funeral. Both are guilty of his Bloud, onely this

Pilate

Pilate would wash his hands. Presbytery made him an Anchorite, and Independency a Martyr. This kills *CHARLES*, and that the King. To prepare the Axe, is little better than to give the Blow.

Now we see what 'tis to be made a GLORIOUS KING by Rebels; what the Devil's Landskip means, when it promises all the Kingdoms of the Earth. In the Trial, as at the General Doomsday, all appear naked. Now there is none disguised, but by *Gray*, or the Hangman. Henceforth take heed of Vizards, though never so holy. Murthers are best committed in Masquerade. But yet all their Slaughters are Expiations, and their Hands are the whiter for being stained in Bloud. They must be thought *Abrahams* for offering up their *Abraham*. None are marked for true *Israelites*, but those that have the Bloud of their *Moses* on their Doors. This they can sin, and yet preserve their Saintships. As *Mahomet*'s Paradise is both a Brothelhouse and a Nunnery; his Virgins whore it, and yet continue *Vestals*; are Heavenly Bawds, and yet may lead Apes in Hell. We perceive at last, why Plays went down; to wit, that Murthers might be acted in earnest. Stages must submit to Scaffolds, and personated Tragedies to real Ones. Mock-shews of Cruelty are but poor Feasts to their fleshd Apperites. Leeches will suck no Pictures. They hate all Images and

Fables, but muſt murther the King in ſincerity and truth. No need of heightning Revels; theſe *Hereds* can behead without the allurements of a Dance. Theſe Tragedians have out vied Invention, and acted what Monſters in their moſt monſtrous wiſhes could hardly reach. The Head and Members have but one Neck; our compendious *Caligula's* have diſpatch'd not onely the King, but the Kingdom too, at a Blow.

'Tis the Thiefs beſt play to kill the Judge; and great Robberies are ſeldom committed without Bloud. Or elſe what Wolves, but would have tended ſuch a *Romulus*? Such an *Elias*, what ominous Ravens but would have fed? A Prince! whoſe goodneſs might rather fear Idolatry than Injury; deſerved rather to be prayed to, than condemned, made a Saint, than murthered. A Prince! whoſe Merits were ſo far above all Flatteries, that the oilieſt Courtier was as ſcandalous as *Peters*; and *Encomiums* defam'd as much, as that *Rabſhekah* of *No more Addreſſes*. His Sight, his Wiſdom was at firſt eclipſed, but the Cloud only made his Influence prove Lightning, and whom he could not illuminate, at laſt he ſcared into a Belief. But yet he ſtill ſhewed more of the Dove than the Serpent, and 'twas the want of Gall, that made him loſe his Head. When Waſps and Hornets uſurp the Hive, the Royal Bee ſuffers, becauſe without a Sting. They turned Wolves becauſe the Lion was a Lamb. All his Tyranny was not to

ſtay,

ſtay, but have his Throat cut. And he now muſt bleed for not bleeding ſeven years before. Tumults forced him hence, and the laſt great Tumult murthered him.

Thus, thus he dies, a Prince whoſe Innocence had taught Poiſon Allegiance, made Piſtols Royaliſts, and kept *Rolf* from being curs'd. A Prince for whom *Hotham* was a Martyr, *Brown* a Priſoner, and *Shimei Prin* undertook a Vindication. *Hammond* at laſt becomes a Captive to his Charge. The good Apoſtle converts his Gaoler. He diſarms the Rebels even with his Fetters, and like the hand of Providence, is then moſt powerful, when it is thought moſt weak. He ſubdues, as if the Caſtle were not his Priſon, but his Fort. 'Tis a queſtion whether he was more miraculous for curing Diſloyalty or the Evil. *Hammond*'s blindneſs was as deſperate, as the *Womans*. He diſpoſſeſſes ſo faſt, *Cromwel* can ſcarce find Devils enough to bait the Exorciſt. Let the Vipers but kiſs his hand, and they are Innocent. Had *Bradſhaw* that condemn'd him, been longer on the Bench, or ſingle, that *Dagon* too had fallen before the Captive *Ark*. But oh! At the Scaffold he engroſſes Miracles. There he Chriſtens by wholeſale. That one Blow ſlew more Rebels than all theſe ſeven years. Our *Sampſon*, though ſhaved both Hair and Head away, killed more *Philiſtins* at his Death, than all his Life time. Now they would ſwear Fealty to his Trunk, and Homage

Homage to a dipt Handkerchief. They adore his very Ghoſt, and will attone their Rebellion by being Subjects, now there is no King. And who cannot continue Loyal to ſuch a King that dies for the Sins and Safety of his People? Who would refuſe to be his Subjects, who is their Martyr? He acted a Chriſtian better than moſt Divines can deſcribe one; and bled Doctrines freelier than they can ſpeak them. He ſhewed Graces the Schoolmen ſcarce ever heard of. We might edifie more from the Scaffold in one hour, than from the Pulpit in an Age. His Paſſion was greater than all Queen *Maries* days, and he ſuffered more than the whole *Book of Martyrs*.

THE END.